#### From the Paducah Herald. PIN'EM BACK, GIRLS-PIN'EM BACK.

Some people will growl about fashion, And prate of its follies, but then It is law; for Shakspeare hath said, it "Wears out more apparel than men." "Out of fashion"-the world will ignore you, And call you a dowdy, a tack; Then a hint to the wise is sufficient-

Pin 'em back, girls-pin 'em back. In Rome one of course would be Roman; Fools follow the fashion, "they say," But 'tis only the fools, lovely woman, Who heed such croakers as they! Some ink-slingers use too much scandal, And of "plump, round limbs" talk too slack But the tighter, the neater and sweeter, So pin 'em back, girls-pin 'em back,

Some girls, like Susan B. Authony, Strong-minded, may stickle for rights, And dressed out in strong Bloomer costume Have made themselves hideous frights; But these are not rules-they're exceptions, And ought to be burned at the rack; Who cares if you can't climb a ladder;

Pin 'em back, girls-pin 'em back. Long trails and low necks had their season, Skirts gathered in frills and gored down; The train-lifter, bustle and sweeper, Hoops large and small both were the crows Have your own sweet way, pretty Misses, Let impertinence stare in a pack; The world moves at your smiles and your

Do just as you please-pin 'em back. Old maids may scold at your caprice, And talk of the good "Long Ago," They had as many fancies as you have,-The world's all illusion and show, Then out the skirts down tighter, closer, Who cares for the world's idle clack, Let boys cry anatomy, muscle, Keep up hearts, girls, be sure-pin 'en

"To-day" is an age of progression, Who cares for gossip—such stuff! No odds if you can't step two inches; Sit sideways, 'tis easy enough; And 'twill show off your form and your figure, But at this you all have a knack; Have your own pretty, sweet ways and notions Pin 'em back, girls, by Jove, pin 'em back !

#### THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DU MAS, Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,
"The Three Guardsmen," "Fwenty
Years After," "Bragelonne, the
Son of Athos," "Louise Ia
Valliere," "The Irou
Mask," Etc., Etc.

> CHAPTER IV. POPULAR JUSTICE.

The young man, with his hat still slouched over his eyes, still leaning on the arm of the officer, and still wiping do it with?" from time to time his brow with his handkerchief, was watching in a corner of the Buitenhof, in the shade of the overhanging weather-board of a closed shop, the doings of the infuriated mob, a spectacle which seemed to draw near its catastrophe.

"Indeed," said he to the officer, "indeed, I think you were right, Van Deken, the order which the deputies have signed, is truly the death-warrant of Master Cornelius. Do you hear these people? They certainly bear a sad grudge to the two De Wittes."

"In truth," replied the officer, "I never heard such shouts."

"They seemed to have found out the cell of the man. Look, look, is not that the window of the cell where Cornelius was locked up?"

A man had seized with both hands, and was shaking the iron bars of the window, in the room which Cornelius had left only ten minutes before.

"Halloa, halloa," the man called out, "he is gone."

"How is that? gone?" asked those o the mob, who had not been able to get into the prison, crowded as it was with the masses of intruders.

"Gone, gone," repeated the man in a rage, "the bird has flown." "What does this man say?" asked His

Highness, growing quite pale. "Oh! Monseigneur, he says a thing which would be very fortunate if

should turn out true!" "Certainly, it would be fortunate if it

were true," said the young man, "unfor- gates?" tunately it cannot be true '

"However, look--" said the officer. And indeed, some more faces, furious and contorted with rage, showed them. his power to preserve his life; go, and

selves at the windows, crying,-"Escaped, gone, they have helped them

And the people in the street repeated with fearful imprecations,-

"Escaped! gone! Let is run after them, and pursue them!"'

"Monseigneur, it seems that Mynheer Cornelius has really escaped," said the "Yes, from prison perhaps, but not

from the town; you will see Van Deken. that the poor fellow will find the gate closed against him, which he hoped to take the street on the left, it is our only find open."

"Has an order been given to close the town-gates, Monsegneur?"

"No, at least I do not think so; who could have given such an order?" "Indeed, but what makes your High-

ness suppose --- ?" "There are fatalities," Monseigneur replied, in an off hand manner, "and the

time to such fatalities "

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

#### HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., SEPTEMBER 15, 1875.

run cold, and some how or other he was convinced that the prisoner was lost.

At this moment the roar of the multitude broke forth like thunder, for it was coach and the men encountered. now quite certain that Cornelius De Witte was no longer in the prison.

Cornelius and John, after driving along the pond, had taken the large street which leads to the Tol-Hek, giving disrections to the coachman to slacken his pace, in order not to excite any suspi-

But when, on having proceeded half way down the street, the man felt that he had left the prison and death behind and before him there was life and liberty, he neglected every precaution, and set his horse off at a gallop.

All at once he stopped, "What is the matter?" asked John putting his head out of the coach-win-

"Oh! my masters," cried the coachman, "it is--"

Terror choked the voice of the hones "Well, say what you have to say!"

arged the Grand Pensionary. "The gate is closed, that's what it is. "How is this? It is not usual to close the gate by day."

"Just look!" John De Witte leaned out of the window, and indeed saw that the man was

"Never mind, but drive on," said John "I have with me the order for the commutation of the punishment, the gate-

keeper will let us through." The carriage moved along, but it was evident that the driver was no longer urging his horses with the same degree of confidence.

Moreover, as John De Witte put his head out of the carriage-window, he was seen and recognized by a brewer, who, being behind his companions, was just shutting his door in all haste to join them at the Buitenhof. He uttered a cry of surprise, and ran after two other men betore him, whom he overtook about a hundred yards farther on, and told them what he had seen. The three men then stopped, looking after the carriage, being, however, not yet quite sure as to whom it contained.

The carriage, in the meanwhile, arrived at the Tol-Hek.

"Open!" cried the coachman. "Open!" echoed the gatekeeper, from the threshold of his lodge; "it's all very well to say, open, but then what am I to

"With the key, to be sure!" said the

"With the key! Oh, yes! but if you have not got it?"

"How is that? Have not you got the key?' asked the coachman.

"No, I havn't." "What has become of it?"

"Well, they have taken it from me." "Who? "Some one, I dare say, who had

mind that no one should leave the town." "My good man," said the Grand Pensionary, putting out his head from the window, and risking all for gaining all; "my good man, it is for me, John De Witte, and for my brother Cornelius. whom I am taking away into exile."

"Oh! Mynheer De Witte, I am indeed very much grieved," said the gatekeeper, rushing towards the carriage; "but upon my sacred word, the key has been taken from me."

"When?" "This morning."

"By whom?"

"By a pale and thin young man, of about twenty-two."

"And wherefore did you give it up !

"Because he showed me an order, signed and sealed." "By whom?"

"By the gentlemen of the Town-hall. "Well, then," said Cornelius, calmly

'our doom seems to be fixed." "Do you know whether the same pre

caution has been taken at the other

"I do not." "Now, then," said John the coach-

man, "God commands man to do all it drive to another gate."

And whilst the servant was turning round the vehicle, the Grand Pensionary said to the gatekeeper,-

"Take our thanks for your good intentions; the will must count for the deed; you had the will to save us, and, in the eyes of the Lord, it is as if you had

succeeded in doing so." "Alas!" said the gatekeeper, "do you see down there?"

"Drive at a gallop through that group, John called out to the coachman, "and

The group which John alluded to had for its nucleus, those three men we left looking after the carriage, and who, in the meanwhile, had been joined by seven or eight others.

These new-comers evidently meant mischief in regard to the carriage.

When they saw the horses galloping greatest men have sometimes fallen vic- down upon them, they placed themselves across the street, brandishing endgels in At these words the officer felt his blood their hands, and calling out,-

norses into increased speed, until the the murder of the other brother.

The brothers De Witte, inclosed within the body of the carriage, were not able to see anything; but they felt a severe shock, occasioned by the rearing of the horses. The whole vehicle for a moment shook and stopped; but immediately after, passing over something round and elastic, which seemed to be the body of a prostrate man, set off again amidst a vollev of the fiercest oaths.

"Alae!" said Cornelius, we have burt some one. '

"Gallop! gallop!" called John. But, notwithstanding this order, the coachman suddenly came to a stop. "Now then, what is the matter again?

asked John. "Look there!" said the coachman. John looked. The whole mass of the populace from the Buitenhof appeared at the extremity of the street along which

the carriage was to proceed, and its stream moved roaring and rapid, as if lashed on by a hurricane. "Stop and get off," said John to the coachman; "it is useless to go any fur-

ther: we are lost!" "Here they are! here they are!" five hundred voices were crying at the same

"Yes, there they are, the traitors, the murderers, the assassins!" answered the men who were running after the carriage, to the people who were coming to meet it. The former carried in their arms the

bruised body of one of their companions, who, trying to seize the reins of the borses, had been trodden down by them. This was the object over which the

two brothers had felt their carriage pass. The coachman stopped, but, however strongly his master urged him, he refused to get off and save himself. In an instant, the carriage was hem-

med in between those who followed and those who met it. It rose above the mass of moving heads like a floating island. But in another instant it came to a dead stop. A blacksmith had, with his hammer, struck down one of the horses, which fell in the traces.

At this moment, the shutter of a window opened, and disclosed the sailow face and the dark eyes of the young man, who with intense interest watched the scene which was preparing.

Behind him appeared the head of the fficer, almost as pale as himself.

"Good heavens, Monseigneur, what is ty," replied the other.

Don't you see, Monseigneur, they are dragging the Grand Pensionary from the carriage, they strike him, they tear him

"Indeed, these people must certainly be prompted by a most violent indignation," said the young man, with the same impassible tone which he had preserved all along.

"And here is Cornelius, whom they likewise drag out of the carriage-Cornelius, who is already quite broken and mangled by the torture. Only look,

"Indeed, it is Cornelius, and no mis-

The officer uttered a feeble cry, and turned his head away; The brother of unobserved the Tol-Hek, which was still the Grand Pensionary, before having set closed. foot on the ground, whilst still on the bottom step of the carriage, was struck down with an iron bar which broke his

skull. He rose once more, but immediately fell again. Some fellows then seized him by the feet, and dragged him into the crowd, into the middle of which one might have

followed his bloody track, and he was soon closed in among the savage yells of malignant exultation. The young man-a thing which would have been thought impossible-grew

even paler than before, and his eyes were for a moment veiled behind the lids. The officer saw this sign of compas-

sion, and, wishing to avail himself of the softened tone of his feelings, continued;-"Come, come, Monseigneur, for here they are also going to murder the Grand

Pensionary. But the young man had already opened his eyes again. "To be sure," he said. "These peo-

ple are really implacable. It does no one good to offend them." "Monseigneur," said the officer, "may not one save this poor man, who has been your Highness's instructor? If

there be any means name it, and if I should perish in the attempt,"----William of Orange-for he it wasknit his brows in a very forbidding manner, restrained the glance of gloomy malice which glistened in the half-closed eye, and answered, -

"Cantain Van Deken, I request you to ook after my troops, that they may be armed for any emergency." "But I am to leave your Highness

here, alone, in the presence of all these "Go, and don't you trouble yourself about me more than I do about myself," the Prince gruffly replied.

The officer started off with which was much less owing to his sense another horse by the bridle.

The coachman, on his side lashed his of witnessing the shocking spectacle of and, setting his spurs into its flanks, apartments by what they call the Guard, a cent. It takes money to run a newspa-

He had scarcely left the room, when effort had reached the stone steps of a behind to ride by his side. house, nearly opposite that where his inflicted on him from all sides, calling

"My brother-where is my brother?" better if these two difficulties were still One of the ruffians knocked off his hat in your Highnesses's way of becoming de with a blow of his clenched fist.

Another showed to him his bloody was now hastening to the epot in order Grand Pensionary in the same manner, may arrive at Alphen before the message city. It is with difficulty that I can keep ly know to the outside world; but it has whilst they were dragging the dead body of Cornelius to the gibbet.

John attered a cry of agony and grief, and put one of his hands before his eyes. "Oh! you close your eyes, do you?" said one of the soldiers of the burgher- ful distance as he had done before his guard; "well, I shall open them for you." And saying this, he stabbed him with

his pike in the face, and the blood spurted forth. "My brother!" cried John De Witte, trying to see, through the stream of blood | which Louis will cut when he is apprised which blinded him, what had become of of the manner in which his dear friends Cornelius; "my brother, my brother!"

other murderer, putting his musket to his temple and pulling the trigger. But the gun did not go off. The fellow then turned his musket

"Go and run after him!" bellowed an-

ound, and, taking it by the barrel with both hands, struck John De Witte down with the buttsend. John staggered and fell down at his feet, but raising himself, with a last effort, he once more called

"My brother!" with a voice so full of anguish, that the young man opposite closed the shutter.

There remained little more to see; a third murderer fired a pistol with the

On this, every one of the miscreants, mboldened by his fall, wanted to fire his gun at him, or strike him with blows of the sledge-hammer, or stab him with a of Ireland, in the distance looking like so of the orator is mute. Here the first take sound for sense. Never mind about knife or sword; every one wanted to draw a drop of blood from the fallen hero, and tear off a shred from his gar-

And after having mangled, and torn, and completely stripped the two brothers, going on here?' whispered the officer. the mob dragged their naked and bloody and such articles as are imported from swelling choir reverberating through the "Something very terrible, to a certain- bodies to an extemporised gibbet, where ameteur executioners hung them un be

drels of all, who, not having dared to strike the living flesh, cut the dead in pieces, and then weut about in the town selling small slices of the bodies of John

and Cornelius at ten sous a piece. We cannot take upon ourselves to say whether, through the almost imperceptible chink of the shutter, the young man witnessed the conclusion of this shockng scene; but at the very moment when they were hanging the two martyrs on the gibbet, he passed through the terrible mob; which was too much absorbed in the task, so gratifying to its taste, to take any notice of him; and thus he reached

"Ah! sir," said the gatekeeper, "de

you bring me the key?"

"Yes, my man, here it is." "It is most unfortunate that you did not bring me that key only one quarter of an hour sooner," said the gatekeeper,

with a eigh. "And why that?" asked the other. Because I might have opened the gate to Mynheers De Witte; whereas, finding

the gate locked, they were obligated to retrace their steps." "Gate! gate!" cried a voice which cemed to be that of a man in a hurry.

The Prince, turning round, observed Captain Van Deken. "Is that you, Captain?" he said. "You are not yet out of the Hagne? This is

executing my orders very slowly." "Monseigneur," replied the Captain, this is the third gate at which I have presented myself; the two others were

"Well, this good man will open this one for you: do it, my friend."

The last words were addressed to the gatekeeper, who stood quite thunderstruck on hearing Captain Van Deken addressing by the title of Monseigneur this pale young man, to whom he himself had spoken in such a familiar way. he hastened to open the gate, which that the world is on fire.

swung creaking on its hinges. "Will Monseigneur avail himself o my horse?" asked the Captain. "I thank you, Captain, I shall use my

that time for summoning the servants, he

ure at being relieved from the necessity vaulted into the saddle of the led horse, go. You are put into one of these little and graciously tell him it won't cost him started off for the Leyden road. Hav- and the door closed. The Guard (who per as well as any other business; no ing reached it, he turned round and answers for our conductor) says nothing paper will succeed financially that carries

"Do you know," he then said, without former pupil concealed himself-began stopping, "that those raseals have killed to stagger under the blows which were John De Witte as well as his brother?" "Alas! Monseigneur," the Captain answered sadly, "I should like it much

facto Stadtholder of Holland." "Certainly, it would have been better, hands; for this fellow had ripped open said William, "if what did happen had Cornelius and disembowelled him, and not happened. But it cannot be helped now, and we have had nothing to do with not to lose the opportunity of serving the it. Let us push on, Captain, that we

which the States-General are sure to

send to me to the camp." \* The Captain bowed, allowed the Prince to ride ahead, and, for the remainder of number of the great sights of the the journey, kept at the same respect-Highness called him to his side.

"LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD!"

minster Abbey, where we were soon sur-

rounded by the tombs of the illustrious

dead. Westminster Abbey may not in-

glory of Great Britain, for it is its monu-

ments and remains which render the Ab-

bey so precious to Englishmen, and the

whole civilized world. Here lie nearly

name what a crowd thoughts rush upon

The English have many peculiar char-

acteristics about which I have not time

Running a Newspaper.

sion of facts, says the Memphis Ava-

unlimited favors. Men call every day at

newspaper offices to get a copy of the

of begging a pocket handkerchief from a

period of life for an advertisement worth

By some unaccountable misapprehen-

oath on the streets.

"How I should wish," William Orange malignantly muttered to himself, with a dark frown and setting the spurs to his horse, "to see the figure

De Witte have been served!" [Continued next week.]

### LETTER FROM LONDON.

Correspondence of the Hartford Herald. No. 2, VERNON PLACE, BLOOMSBOA ) RY SQUARE, LONDON, August 15.

The day following that on which I wrote ou from the steamer Victoria, we reached Londonderry, at 9 p. m. After lying there long enough to put off some passengers all the Kings, Queens and Princes of this better, but you don't know anything. and their luggage, we steamed for Scot-

THE CLYDE AND GLASGOW. We reached the mouth of the Clyde just at daylight. This river is renowned for its beautiful scenery, and also for the largmuzzle to his face; and this time the est and best ship-building docks in the strains, silently moulder in the dust; enshot took effect, blowing out his brains.

John De Witte fell, to rise no more.

World. The passengers were out bright during murble embalms their memory.

Here side by side rests the crowned head by offers a bigh key. You will no doubt banks. Land never looked as pretty to and the chancellor, the philanthropist me before. This was the first I had seen and the enancerior, the philanthropist speak a great deal of nonsense. You since I left New York, except the blue hills many clouds. We steamed up the Clyde to Greenock, a distance of forty miles betom house, and it is here that the officers but they scarcely speak above a whisper. know a thing. He's a dead-beat on tom house, and it is here that the omeers but they scarcely speak about 10 and know a thing.

And during the hour of service, (10 and knowledge. Stand to your rack, fodder down" in search of tobacco and cigars, 3 o'clock), the pealing organ and the the Captain announced that he could go meanor. I had a special desire to see is no absolute necessity that you should. no farther up on account of the low tide. the tombs of Shakespeare, Milton, You may be smart but without being We were soon transferred to the shore, Charles Dickens, and some others, and tricky. Lawyers ought to be gentlemen. put aboard a train, and reached Glasgow finally found them in what was called the Some of them don't come up to the standat 12:30 a. m. My cousin and I, in com- "poets's corner." Shakespeare's was a ard, and are a disgrace to the fraternity. pany with a Mr. Bevan and lady, of New York City, (for whom we formed quite an leaning on a pillar, whereon rested a generally. They don't know anything attachment on the way), stopped at the scroll inscribed with lines from the about sandstones, carboniferous periods Queen's Hotel, a palatial building, and "Tempest." John Milton was a bust on and ancient land animals known as fosrun" on an aristocratic plan. It is pat- tablet, beneath a lyre encircled by a ser- sila. Men that make out they know a ronized by the nobility, consequently the pent holding an apple. I was surprised great deal on these subjects don't know style. I much preferred a little less style to see that Charles Dickens had no statue much. They are humburs-superb and more to eat. After dining, we got into or bust. His was simply a granite slab humbugs. They are ancient land ania carriage and took a drive through the on the floor, over which hundreds of peocity and to West End Park. Glasgow is ple walk every day. On the slab, in fossils. You are dismissed with the sina magnificent city, clean and nice, and large brass letters, was this inscription, cere hope of the court that you will not substantially built. The buildings are all "Charles Dickens, born February 14th, make asses of yourselves." of elegant granite-not a brick house to be 1812, died June 9th, 1870." seen. They look as though they were built to last for centuries. The streets are paved in the same substantial manner .- to speak now. Some of them are very peddler, who lives not a hundred miles Glasgow is a city of some 500,000 souls, and seems to be under good regulations. The Scotch horse was something to attract my attention. The idea occurred to me that one of them would be a valuable addition to an American menagerie. They are certainly the largest specimens of the equine species I have ever seen. You have not seen a man drunk or heard an once consenting, he took the baby and rarely see more than one hitched to an ordinary wagon or carriage. West-End Park is the pride of Glasgow. It is extensively improved, and the air is loaded down with the odor of flowers and musical with the chattering of birds. While taking that drive, we saw what we were told was the highest chimney in the world nothing to run a newspaper, and if they give the woman another box of tea to get (525 feet). It belonged to a factory of buy a copy from the newsboy, when too her to take it back. He says he'll not some kind, and actually seemed to tower far from the office to come and beg one, buy any more babies. among the clouds. We also saw the larg- they are regular patrons and entitled to est livery stable in Great Britain, a stone building, that covered a whole square and

contained one thousand horses.

OFF FOR LONDON. We left Glasgow at 9 p. m. for London Glasgow to Edinburg there are large quanities of coal and iron ore, and the numertremendous blazes of fire, lighting up the the course of time. But this is a small whole country, impresses one unaccustom-As it were, to make up for his fault, ed to such sights strongly with the idea

RAILWAY DISCOMPORT. forts of American cars the journey would ment for eternity. They demand the own steed, which is waiting for me close not be a tedious one. Great Britain is an publication of all marriage and funeral old country, but, viewed from an Ameri- notices, obituaries and family episodes, can standpoint, she is greatly helind the for the next forty years, gratis, Speak whistle, such as were generally used at new country in some respects. One of of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't mother not to put her fingers into the sounded it with a shrill and prolonged road beds are good and they make good receive the worth of your money for what them off, said: "I will have more when I call, on which an equerry on horseback time (40 to 50 miles an hour), but their you pay." "But," says the patron, "it get to heaven. Her mother replied: "You speedily made his appearance, leading cars are divided off into fittle apartments, will not cost you anything to put this in," will not need them there." of military obedience, than to his pleas- William, without touching the stirran, for your fishet according to the class you man to grind your axe on his grindstone, on my harp,"

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one year.
One-fourth column per year.
One-third column, per year.
One half column, per year.
One column, one year.

For shorter time, at proportionate rates. One inch of space constitutes a square. The matter of yearly advertisements changed carterly free of charge. For further particu-

JNO. P. BARRETT & Co., Publishers,

John-who with an almost superhuman beckoned to the Captain, who was far about your tickets. It is his business to a deadhead system. Any mention of the see that you do not get out. At the end of your journey, if you do not produce see in print is worth paying for, and when your ticket, you are arrested for defraud- printed is generally worth as much as any

ing the company. There is no arrange-ment for checking baggage, no transfer

The newspaper business is very exactcompanies, or anything of the kind. The ing on all connected with it, and the pay country from Glasgow to London is magis comparatively small, the proprietors nificent; beautiful farms and in a high risk more money for smaller profits, and state of cultivation. The farmers are the editors and reporters and printers just now in the midst of their grain and work harder and cheaper than the same hay harvest, the yield is good. The number of men in any profession requirwheat, especially, looks to be heavy ing the given amount of intelligence, Wearrived at London Thursday morning, training and drudgery. The life has its August 12th. London is truly a great charms and pleasant associations, scarcefrom getting lost two squares from home its earnest workers and anxieties and without a guide. Yesterday, through hours of exhaustion, which are also not the kindness of a friend, I was shown a known to these who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the favored To-day we were granted permission to members live a life of case and free from go through Westminster Palace, through care, and go to the circus at night on a the Houses of Lord and Commons. free ticket, and to the spring in the sum-To attempt a description of these would mer, is an idea which we desire to exbe useless; suffice it to say, that the plode practically and theoretically. Busigrandeur of the scenery surpassed any- ness is business, and the journal that sucthing that had ever been pictured in my ceeds is the one that is run on a square imagination, especially in the House of business footing, the same as banking or Lords, wherein was the Queen's throne. | building bridges, keeping a hotel or run-We went from the Palace to West- ning a livery stable.

A Cheerful Send Off.

The following is an address of Judge Underwood, of Rome, Ga., to four young aptly be called the Pantheon of the lawyers who had just passed an examina-

tion in his court: "Young gentlemen, I want to say a thing or two to you. You have passed country from Edward the Confessor, to Like these young fellows just back from George II. At the mention of the very their graduation college, you think you know a great deal. It's a great mistake. the mind. Here kings and sculptors. If you ever get to be any account, you princes and poets, philosophers and war- will be surprised at your present ignorriors, and the authors of imperishable ance. Don't be too big for your breeches. let off on a high key. You will no doubt, statesman are at peace, and the tongue know it. The great mass of mankind will have one consolation-nobody will quiet; there may be a great many visitors, the wise-looking justice. He don't full-length statue of the immortal bard. They know no more than any other race

## A Ten-Vender's Mistake

Toronto Globe. A good story is told of a certain teagood-some not so good. They are cer- from Napance, and who was pushing his tainly a charitable people. There seems vocation in the back country. Having to be no end to the charitable institutions called a poor woman and asked her to of London. They seem to be a religious purchase a box of tea, she told him that people also. Notwithstanding there are she was not able to pay for it, whereupon bar-rooms enough in London, if placed he proposed to take the baby that lay in side by side, to reach 75 miles, as yet I the cradle in exchange for it; and, she at J. B. W. left the tea, thinking the woman would soon follow. When he came to the next house he told what he had done, and was informed that the baby did not belong to the woman, but had only been lauche, there is a large class of people in left with her the night before. He then the world who think that it costs little or concluded to return the child, but had to

From the Franklin (N. C.) Courier. While walking through a path from paper for nothing, who would never dream Perry's Church she saw a large snake coming towards her; it very naturally dry goods store, or a piece of candy from frightened her, and she ran with all her by rail. In that portion of Scotland from a confectioner, even upon the plea of old speed, (she was only 18 years of age), acquaintance, having bought something and the snake right after her. Very soon before. One paper is not much, but a she came to a small creek that crossed ous smelting furnaces belching forth such hundred a day amounts to something in her path, and cousin "Sally Dillard" like she prepared to cross, but the snake drain compared with the free advertising a caught her just as she reached the bank newspaper is expected to do. Some men of the creek, and commenced winding who have paid two dollars at an early himself around her leg in a manner too tight for comfort. She seized the reptile The distance between Glasgow and four or five dollars, appear to think by the throat with one hand and with London is 400 miles, and with the com- they are stockholders in the establish- the other drew her knife from her packet, which she opened with her teeth, and cut off his snakeship's head.

them is in the railroad travel. Their I patronite your paper?" "Yes, but you chopping trav, lest the knife should ent first, second, and third class. You pay which is just as ridiculous as to ask a the child." "I shall; else how can I play